D. Y. CLOYD.

Ardmore, - I.T

We have come to a pretty pass when judges high and low shut their eyes to the real issue of a case, and upon some trivial by-point give justice a slap in the face.

Inventors who have business tact and ability may make some money, but they are never regarded as public benefactors or as deserving the honors due to professional patriots.

What strange survivals of old forms of speech we constantly meet with. It is said, for instance, that there are still some old settlers in Chicago who refer to the Chicago river as "the drink."

Dr. Gibier, at the Pasteur Institute in New York, believes that as human beings can be rendered proof against small-pox by vaccination, so dogs can be rendered proof against hydrophobia by inoculation.

Every little while some one is killed while sleeping on a railway track. Of course the remedy for this is for each legislature to pass a law to the effect that people shall not use a railway track for sleeping purposes.

Do not read anything upon which you wish to pass a fair judgment until you are in a pleasant frame of mind. No production, however meritorious, favorably impresses the reader who is vexed, irritated and uncomfortable.

On more than one occasion chemists and physicians have shown that the present fashion of having bodies roughly embalmed shortly after death throws serious difficulties in the way of chemical analyses in cases of suspected poisoning.

In Wyoming the women have voted so long that nobody thinks anything about it. From all accounts women go to the polls just as simply and naturally as they go to the postoffice or the railroad station. And from present observations they look very much like other women.

The miserable thief who steals a pocket book is a babe in influence and and example compared with the business man who, under the outward seeming of honor and probity, defrauds his associates out of thousands. It is not the money, it is the loss of faith in business integrity that is involved, for these lie at the foundation of all business transactions.

The way to establish trade with the Mexicans is to send agents among them, not only to sell things, but to teach the purchasers how to use them. The agent must be not only a salesman but a teacher. And that is what he is not at the present time. He represents both a tool company and a hair-oil syndicate, and if he can reap a rich harvest of commissions by vending hair-oil he devotes his energies to that trade and drops the tool trade.

It is the duty of every citizen summoned before the grand jury at any time or in any case to refuse to answer any question outside the grand jury room. Only grand jurors have a right to put questions. Any one, no matter what his pretensions, undertaking to bully, bribe or intimidate by distention or threats of arrest any one into answering questions outside the grand jury room may be punished if the right steps be taken before the criminal judge.

The tendency of every race track is toward degeneracy. An honest jockey is a rare bird, but a strict management, holding the whip aggressively, can compel honest races. One corrupting influence is the close connection between the betting-shed and the stables. The average book on an interesting event is $3,000. Multiplied by forty the wagers are something like $120,000. Half of it is the money of amateurs and stragglers, who accept the bookmaker's dictum as to the favorite and back him.

Nature produces but one kind of electricity known to scientists or observers, the only difference in the currents being greater or less proportions in the quantity of the current or in the electro-motive force, voltage or tension of the current. There is no difference between the electricity produced by chemical action in the cells of a battery and that produced by magnetism in the armature of a dynamo or that produced by a flash of lightning. Popular theory has pictured several kinds of electricity, when in fact there is but one.

The courts in England are stern and unsentimental. One of the fashionable guests at Stanley's wedding who stole several valuable silver spoons from the room in which the wedding presents were exhibited was arrested and sentenced to two weeks' imprisonment. She was a widow with great wealth and a prominent light in the highest circles of London society. In the United States her theft would have been called by the fashionable name of kleptomania and she would have been handed from the court-room to her carriage with a humble apology.

Some Noble Sentiments From Noble Minds.

Interesting Short Selections, Calculated to Make Us Wiser, Happier and Better.

Living in Vain.

God grant I may not live in vain,
Some useless part fulfilling;
Like water gathered not again,
Which careless hand is spilling.

May I but add my being's force
To that eternal river
Which has in God's own love its source,
And flows to him forever.

Some Christian song may I but write,
And to his altar bring it;
Some hymn of praise to Christ indite,
And after-ages sing it.

To some lost soul the gospel preach,
Give him kind exhortation;
Some little child the way may teach,
And bring it to salvation.

By some lone couch may breathe a prayer,
Or send some tender token
To save the tempted from despair,
Or bind the heart that's broken.

That me, at last, my Lord may know,
And give me recognition,
Because I walked with him below,
And kept the great commission.

Mahometans at Prayer.

Writing from Constantinople, Frank Carpenter says:

By the liberal use of backsheesh, accompanied by my Mahometan guide, I obtained admission to the gallery of Santa Sophia last night. It was 9 o'clock when I arrived and the acres of floor below me were covered with worshippers. In long, regular lines, with their faces toward Mecca, sitting on their knees, were at least five thousand Mahometans. In turbans and gowns, with their bare or stocking feet, looking up at the gallery, they formed long lines of curious colors on the white mats away down there under the floating flames. From the back of the church came the shrill voice of the Imaaum who was leading the devotions. It was a wonderful tenor, which penetrated the remotest recesses of the vast mosque, and in response to which these five thousand turbaned men rose and fell like clock work in their devotions. They moved as one man, and when they sunk to their knees the striking of ten thousand legs upon the floor made a

A MAHOMETAN AT PRAYER.

noise like the rumbling of a cannon in the distance, and when they bowed their head to the floor the sound came up as though it had been made by the fall of some great weight rather than by the touch of five thousand heads. In the front of each worshipper was placed his shoes, and at the close of the services each Mahometan took these in his hands and walked with them out of the mosque.

The Mahometan prayers and method of praying is fixed by the Koran, and these 5,000 men all prayed in the same way. I noted their actions from the beginning to the end of each prayer. The person praying must first remove his shoes and sandals and turn his face towards Mecca. He must bathe his hands and feet and certain other parts of his person before entering the mosque, and in the court of this Mosque of Santa Sophia, there is a large and beautiful fountain. Entering the mosque and standing in the right position the worshipper begins by putting his hands to the lobes of his ears and he then holds them a little below his girdle. He then goes through a number of prostrations, reciting certain prayers from the Koran as he does so.

If he is a faithful Mahometan he prays five times every day and he does not care for his surroundings. At the hours of prayer Mahometans will begin their devotions in the midst of a crowd. They will stop their business transactions, and whether in the store or in the field they will drop down on their knees and pray. I remember entering a rug bazaar in Alexandria and calling upon a gray-bearded turbaned Turk while he was engaged in his devotions. He was standing on a rug in the back of the store looking towards Mecca and mumbling the Koran. He must have seen me as I entered with a party of Americans, and though he knew I intended to buy he paid no attention to me. He continued his kneeling down and rising up for fully fifteen minutes and I sat down and waited until he was through. There were many other rug establishments near by, and he must have known that he stood a chance of the loss of a sale by not attending to me. This made no difference, however, to him. It would be a curious thing to see a merchant in New York or Chicago stop his sales in the middle of the day and drop down on his knees and pray in the presence of his customers.

Keep Your Word.

Whatever else you do never violate your word. In this respect we are degenerating as a people, for years ago when men said they would do anything on their word of honor, it was done. Nowadays men make promises, never intending to keep them, and hence a want of confidence in each other marks the human race. A fully truthful man is a pearl in the days in which he lives, but he is not appreciated by the masses, because the masses are given to equivocation, so educated and forced to lie in self-defense, hence we have broken promises, misplaced confidence, wounded hearts and general bickerings. Men's cupidity leads them to prevaricate; men's love of money leads them to lie; [illegible] of advantage leads them to [illegible] reputa their word of honor. [illegible] and unprincipled are pressing down the timid, modest, honest, truthful men of the age, and hence there is a want of confidence in each other and an unstable condition. Let every man adopt the motto: "My word is as good as my bond," and maintain it in his personal integrity, and confidence would soon be restored and a happier state would soon exist. Again, society should ignore the man who habitually lies instead of petting him; should frown down the prevaricator instead of laughing at his villainous attempt to deceive; should boycot the man who heats instead of he who gives honest measure, and on the other hand, society should uphold and maintain men of truth, of honor, of virtue, of manhood, and who are honest in their dealings with the public. But will society do this? We are afraid not. Individuals can do it and thus would society, and if each one would start out with a determination to maintain his word of honor, much could be accomplished toward a great and very necessary reform.—T. M. Newson, in Midway News.

Lost Character.

What would we not give to regain our lost character? In moments of earnest reflection we curse the day that we first offended against the laws of our country. No man of us, if he has common sense, but wishes in his heart that he had never been guilty of a dishonorable act. Every time we see an upright man we unavoidably compare ourselves with him, greatly to our own belittlement. We say that if we had our lives to live over again we would keep to the straight and narrow path. It is useless to talk of what we would do: our life lies before us; the narrow path is right along side of the crooked one we have been traveling and we need but take one step to reach it. Why do we not take that step? Simply because at some time in our lives on finding ourselves in the crooked way, we determined to follow it until some station had been reached where the two paths met and the transition would be easy and unnoticed by any save ourselves. But not one of a thousand ever reach that station; they either abandon the undertaking or keep on stumbling and falling by the wayside until worn out they succumb to the inevitable consequences of dissipating their energies. At last, when too late, comes the awakening to the fact that their lives have been a failure.—Prison Mirror.

The Original "Boy Preacher."

Those who happened to drop into the Continental about 10 a. m. yesterday would have been gratified by a sight of a much-talked-of evangelist, Thomas Harrison, the "boy preacher," who had just registered from the modern Athens. As he leaned over the counter and talked to the clerks his appearance was carefully studied by the bystanders. Mr. Harrison is apparently about forty-three years old, with a smooth-shaven, rather droll-looking face, peculiar dull-bluish gray eyes, and, with his black, low-crowned slouch hat and rusty black clothes, conveys the impression of the average low-comedy actor. He is about 5 feet 6 inches in height and of very spare build. He has a habit of clutching one by the upper arm and biting his under lip when in conversation. When joked with on the subject of his blonde admirer, who follows him about the country and sends him bouquets, he looked knowing and rather pleased than otherwise as he bit his under lip in his usual manner.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

Rest Needed.

A tramp knows what it is to be leg-weary, a farm laborer to be body-weary, a literary man to be brain-weary, and a sorrowing man to be soul-weary. The sick are often weary, even of life itself. Weariness is a physical or spiritual "ebb-tide" which time and patience will convert into a "flow." It is never well to whip or spur a worn-out horse, except in the direst straits. If he mends his pace in obedience to the stimulus, every step is a spark subtracted from his vital energy. Idleness is not one of the faults of the present age; weariness is one of its commonest experiences. The checks which many a man draws on his physical resources are innumerable; and as these resources are strictly limited, like any other ordinary banking account, it is very easy to bring about a balance on the wrong side. Adequate rest is one kind of repayment to the bank, sound sleep is another, regular eating and good digestion another.—N. Y. Witness.

Sweet Use of Adversity.

The touch of adversity is just as necessary to bring out the best there is in some men as is the touch of the frost to reveal the glories of the autumn. What is more beautiful than a tree or forest flashing with all the colors of the rainbow! How delightful is a drive with these bouquets of nature lining the roadside! It is said these splendors of the autumn foliage are the sunshine which the trees have been silently storing up during the summer when the sun has been shining upon them. Happy is the man who, in the sunshine of prosperity, has enriched his life with those graces of character which will shine out most beautifully when the touch of adversity or sorrow comes! —Christian Enquirer.

Maxims of Merit.

Let none wish for unearned gold.

Be honest and then be generous.

To-morrow may never come to us.

Mockery never degrades the just.

One fib is oft the cause of ten more.

The poorest are the most charitable.

The post of honor is the post of duty.

It is not parsimonious to be economical.

Wealth nor power can ennoble the mean.

To-day is all the time we absolutely have.

It is not selfish to be correct in your dealings

A single fact is worth a folio of argument.

The worth of a thing depends on the want of it.

Honesty is better capital than a sharper's cunning.

Small profits little risk; large profits great risk.

Something wrong when a man is afraid of himself.

Whose credit is suspected is not safe to be trusted.

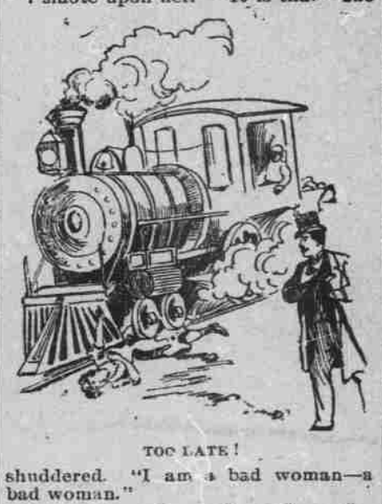
Conscience dead as a stone is a hard thing to carry.

Story of a Good Woman

THE ceremony was over. It had not seemed very hard or very long. Yet other brides had warned her that it would be both.

"I, Anna, take thee, David"—she had been unconscious of effort in the saying. Tongue and throat acted automatically, following the smooth voice of the rector, much as she followed responsive his intoned prayers each Sabbath. Only now there was no stained-glass window to watch, nor could she ponder upon the memorial tablet just above the pew, her frequent occupation while she joined in the general confession of having followed too much the devices and desires of the heart. Yet was her mind no more fixed or definite than then. Her eyes wandered and saw that a picture hung slightly askew above the mantelpiece. She even made a step forward to set it straight when she noticed the rector was saying "Anna, wilt thou?" and her dazed senses caught at the idea of an admonition. She glanced downward, and observed how rosy were the creases showing through the little triangular gap just above the first button of her glove. Why were all gloves made so foolishly tight that they distorted that portion of the hand, she wondered? And all the while the rector was droning on words that she did not understand.

They knelt, and he, David, this tall, straight man beside her, seemed to feel how cold was her hand within its glove, since he pressed it tenderly, reassuring. "How good is he!" she thought, swiftly, and then, looking upward, saw that the white spray which bound her veil as a wreath had uncoiled and loosened. The brown stem stood stripped and bare of its white blossoms for an inch or more. "It looks like a horn," she thought, listlessly, as she had thought things all that day and for many days, "like the horn of a devil;" then a great horror smote upon her. "It is that," she



TOO LATE!

shuddered. "I am a bad woman—a bad woman."

* * * * * *

"——Life everlasting—Amen!" the last word drawn out, sonorous, resonant, in the rector's best style. The ceremony was over. They rose to their feet. A brief pause followed, then the rector was saying something, there were kisses on the bride's cheeks, sweet phrases in her ears: good wishes and congratulations made a buzz throughout the room. And ever at her side stood the tall, straight man with the clear brow and the frank eye. She could feel the outturned edge of his arm pressed toward her in mute sympathy and support, an unnoticed patting of love into the quietest of actions. Yet it failed to stir her apathy. She was still thinking, inconsequently, of the grotesque horn peering over her bridal veil. She even put slyly out first one foot and then the other, to see which of them was cloven. But she saw only dainty white bottines, embroidered with tiny pearls, and above them strips of softest white silk hosiery. No, the cloven foot was clearly lacking. She wondered vaguely at its absence, almost fretfully, as one wonders at an absent though invited guest. She felt that it ought to have been there, for these strange words kept still humming themselves in her brain, the words of her other, inner self—"How good he is; how bad am I!"

There was the wedding breakfast, the clinking of glasses, the perfume of flowers, the making of toasts. She had inserted a silver knife in the great white cake which stood before her, simply because they told her to do so, and then she forgot all about it. The tall, straight man at her side stood and said many words. They were good words, she thought, faintly, the good words of a good man, and she—she was so bad.

A party of merry girls took her to her room up-stairs and began to help her off with her white garments. Even the "horn" fell, she grimly noticed. And they put dainty patent-leather shoes where the white embroidered ones had been and dark, clinging draperies instead of the snowy ones, and then they went out and left her alone.

* * * * * * *

She went to the window, opened it, leaned out and tried to think. There lay the smooth lawn below, with the gaudy geraniums, its late glory and center-piece, bruised into a yellowing crispness of decay. There was the hedge of evergreen fir, but beyond that was a long line of unfamiliar carriages. They wearied her. She turned her listless eyes the other way; there was the Barbary tree in its scarlet and green livery, standing guard by the library window! Oh!—a sharp pain sent the blood stinging to the apple of her throat and tearing at her eyeballs. It was there that she had crept and hidden to read a letter only a week ago and the red berries had dropped upon her breast as she writhed beneath the boughs and every drop seemed as a flame to burn into her heart. How could one suffer so—and live?

And why was she "bad?" She could not remember. She only knew that that day beneath the Barbary tree was the last wrench in giving up the forbidden. She had thought she was being good and noble, was keeping her promise as the highest canons of duty demanded. Was putting aside temptation—and yet the voice kept saying she was bad. It was a problem her learning could not clear.

Some one was calling at the door, calling some other person with an unfamiliar name — would they never leave off? They bothered her. Then someone else, a man, boldly crossed the threshold of her room, laid his hand upon her arm, bent low and said: "Anna, love of me—come, we shall be late."

She let him lead her away. He was so tall, so strong! Down in the hall below people were waiting. Some of them were crying, and it made her vaguely sad. She tried to efface herself by stepping into the shadow of a bookcase, and then someone sought her ought and said: "Good-by, Miss Irwin," and everyone laughed at what they called his "blunder."

She wished they would not. It confused her; why should they laugh because he called her Miss Irwin—was that not her name? Ah, no, she remembered—and there were more good-byes, and many kisses, and she was seated in the carriage beside the tall, straight man, and they were driving down the hill that she knew so well. How good it all looked. The trees touched by the first early frost into a spiked glimmer of gold and flame. The little river, singing exultant of recent rains beneath the bridge upon which the hoofs of the horses smote sharply, with a ringing sound. The world was fair, so very fair. Did it not seem thus to those who were about to die, she wondered, so sweet and dear a world to close their eyes upon, and have darkness shut in upon their lids forever?

The man at her side bent over her, coming between her and her thoughts. She felt his arm about her; she heard his whisper of "Anna, my little wife, after all the weary years of waiting." For one delirious moment she gave herself up to thinking that these were other arms, to believing even the voice another voice, to dreaming that she could look up and see the stern, dark face of the absent, instead of the clear brow and frank eyes of the present.

Then she tore herself away with a little choking cry of horror at herself and hatred.

The man looked, saw the carriage had almost reached the station platform, saw a merry party thereon gathered, and said, apologetically, "Oh, I see, dear, they are here before us," and then smiled brightly to the wedding guests who had preceded them. The long wind swept aside shawls and wraps as they walked and gave to ordinary people about the depot glimpses of satin shoon and lace ruffles and glittering arms, and here and there a flower and a jewel. There was an abundance of laughter and rice, and both were distributed by the restless ones unable to wait quietly for the belated train and the proper season for rice-throwing. Anna felt the cold, hard grains press against the hollow of her neck, but only smiled. It was a dream, and she herself but a fantasy among shadows. The dream grew more and more confusing. The bridegroom was hurried away to the ticket office upon some errand which had become entangled. A thought of temporary freedom seized her. She must get away from this confusion of shadows. She turned in the direction which her husband had taken. The shadows laughed about her: "She cannot loose sight of him even a moment. Oh, Anna, won't you be known for a bride at once?" and a tenderer than the rest murmured: "How she must love him!"

But Anna did not follow her husband beyond the first door. Crossing a waiting-room she opened a second door and emerged into the outer air again, and upon a second platform. She knew the place well. Here was but a single track and less light and fewer people. Here she could be more quiet to think the problem out—why the voice kept saying she was "bad." She paced up and down, and the wind blew her silk-lined mantle into clinging, classic folds about her. Still it cooled her head and cleared her brain.

Why was she bad? Had she not kept her promise of years? Had she not irrevocably sent away that other man who had made vows even as hers now were? She had suffered; so, doubtless, would he. At the latter thought the old cruel pain clutched at heart and throat—but she had done what she thought right. Up to to-day her life had appeared pure, spotless, blameless. She and that other man had drifted into loving almost without knowing, but upon realization of their folly they had given each other up, had done their duty singly. How, then, could either of them be "bad?" But the voice kept saying it and Anna Irwin—no, Anna McIntyre—cringed as she recollected a saying of her father's when once as a child she had sobbed to see a debased and cursing wretch dragged along the streets by a policeman. "She is a bad woman, my darling." But she—Anna—how could she——? Why, her only sin was in thinking of that other man—a thing which had only become a sin at the marriage ceremony of to-day. But was it a sin? Like a flash came to her memory of the sermon on the mount — "whosoever looketh" — the heart thought was with him even as the deed, a thing the purveyors of creeds too often forget. She saw and understood.

A shrill whistle sounded; just beyond two green lights lowered; the gates of a crossing were closing for an approaching train. Was it the train that they were waiting for? Was it the train that would take her into that new place where her home was to be? Soon, even now, she must go away; away with that man from whose encircling arm she shrank while they were in the carriage. What a horrible—what a vile thing such action would be! He was a good man, yes, and she was very bad, but how could she have him in her embrace when another man was in her heart?

The whistle sounded nearer. A bell clanged tumultuously. A red glare showed beyond the platform. It was not, then, their train, but one on this single, lonelier track. With that nearing light shining upon her distended eyeballs a new light seemed to pierce the brain of the girl. She lifted two slender hands in the air and called softly, exultantly: "No; I see it now—I am a good woman—a good woman—since I cannot give myself my best love is not——" As she went softly down before the flare of light and the thundering wheels, and no one could stop the sickening noise of soft bones crushed, a gush of blood red as the berries, over the dull iron of the engine, a shriek of horror from many throats, a shrill command—too late—to reverse the engine——

And then the bridegroom stood in the open door calling impatiently for his bride to come.

ENGLISH ROADS.

The Macadam System Might Very Well Be Utilized Here.

Macadam, an American, gave England the splendid roads on which the old coaching records were made, and which she enjoys to-day. It is expedient devoutly to be wished that his countrymen may follow his sound advice and set about road-making up to date. Our roads, in both city and country, as a rule, are just sixty years behind the age. Many years previous to the Macadam road being introduced in England, five miles an hour was considered first-class work. When the Manchester merchants, in 1754, to facilitate business, placed their "flying coach" on the road between London and their city (186 miles) and timed it to reach the latter place in four days and a half, it was considered most incredible and new sensation in the world. From London to Exeter (175 miles), in 1742, the coaches took a fortnight—slow, but not always sure. What a change came over the country when the perfect roads have free access all over it; and in consequence an extraordinary rise in the value of land took place. A few records may be of interest, always bearing in mind the coaches carried heavy loads—passengers, luggage and mails.

The Holyhead and London road was considered the finest in the country, being built by the well-known Telford, and 260 miles in extent. The surface was so perfect that no horse walked any part of the journey, although the last 107 miles from Shrewsbury to Holyhead, was through a very hilly country. The records made on it were never beaten, not even by the "Quicksilver" on the Exeter road. The Manchester "Telegraph" traveled some part of the journey on this road and did her 186 miles to London in eighteen hours and fifteen minutes. The "Wonder," between Shrewsbury and London, 158 miles, made her journey in fifteen hours and three-quarters. This is a remarkable example of sustained speed, which has never been surpassed. The "Wonder" was so regular in her time that the country people set their clocks by her. May day, however, was the great day on which the coaches tried to beat their own time.

The "Independent Tallyho," running between London and Birmingham, covered the distance, 109 miles, in seven hours and thirty minutes on May 1, 1830. The Shrewsbury "Greyhound" made her trip to London, 158 miles three furlongs, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, including stoppages, on May day, 1838. This means galloping the greater part of the distance, and is strong evidence as to what can be done on perfect roads. Let us hope the shade of Macadam will help us ere we despair. At present we are traveling on mud roads, and such neglect of his native land shows a want of thought for the present generation's comfort.

Nebuchadnezzar's Hanging Gardens.

The "hanging gardens of Babylon" were built by Nebuchadnezzar to gratify his wife, Amyitis, a native of Media, who longed for something in this flat country to remind her of her mountain home. They consisted of an artificial mountain, 400 feet on each side, rising by successive terraces to a length which overtopped the walls of the city. The terraces themselves were formed of a succession of piers, the tops of which were covered with flat stones sixteen feet long and four feet wide. Upon these were spread beds of matting; then a thick layer of bitumen, covered with sheets of lead. Upon this solid pavement earth was heaped, some of the pits being hollow so as to afford depth for the roots of the largest trees. Water was drawn from the river so as to irrigate these gardens, which thus presented to the eye the appearance of a mountain clothed in verdure.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

What Did It.

The Coroner—You say in your opinion the man was killed by a funny story. Explain yourself.

The Drummer, witness at the inquest—It's this way. We were all standing at the head of the stairs on the second floor of the hotel.

The Coroner—Yes; go on.

The Drummer—Gagge, the shoe man, said he had two or three good ones to tell us.

The Coroner—I understand.

The Drummer—He started right in with one of them. None of us caught on except the poor fellow standing there dead. He——

The Coroner—He what?

The Drummer—He tumbled to the first story. The fall killed him.—Hotel World.

Settling Under Difficulties.

Real Estate Agent—Our map of Marshland is very attractive, but I think it would be wise to dump a few loads of stone into those staked out boulevards, so people in search of suburban lots can walk on them.

Capitalist—Let 'em fix things themselves after they buy the lots.

"But the place is [illegible]"

"You need [illegible]"

"I d[illegible]